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## Our Animal Protective League.

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President. Vice-President.  
MRS. JOHN GREENOUGH, HENRY WHITNEY MUNROE,  
Secretary. Treasurer.  
HENRY E. HOWLAND, Counsel.

HEADQUARTERS: UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING,  
105 EAST 22d STREET, NEW YORK, ROOM 613.

THE object of the League is the education of all children practically in the care, protection and kindly treatment of animals.

Picture Talks, illustrated by Lantern Photographs, will show actual needs, conditions and reasons why each child should become interested in the work of the League. Three exhibitions of lantern photographs have already been given at Mrs. Francis Dana Winslow's residence, the Neighborhood House, and the Pro-Cathedral.

### ... LEAFLETS ...

Stories about animals will be issued in the form of leaflets, fully illustrated, so as to be attractive and interesting. The expense of the plates, illustrations, and 4,000 copies of a leaflet, is \$50.00, and an appeal is made for Leaflet Donations.

Most cruelty arises from want of thought and lack of knowledge. To supply these needs is one of the objects of Our Animal Protective League.

# CHARLES DANA GIBSON

## DRAWS EXCLUSIVELY FOR LIFE.



Copyright 1900, by Life Publishing Co. THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XXX.

MR. PIPP, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, ATTENDS THE RACES. HE HAS THE GOOD FORTUNE TO PICK A FEW WINNERS.

LIFE publishes proofs of the best work of all its leading artists, including Mr. Gibson. These proofs are HAND-PRINTED, ON JAPAN PAPER, mounted ready for framing. They are attractive and artistic decorations for any house, and are as suitable presents—holiday, wedding, birthday, or for any occasion—as one can give.

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# ·LIFE·



"To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language."—Bryant.



Boy: WHY DON'T YOU PUT A MUZZLE ON THAT DOG?  
"OH, HE ISN'T WORTH IT. HE'S ONLY A CHEAP DOG."

## The Isle of Sleep.

IN the tropically languorous sea of sleep  
There stretches a coral strand,  
Where the moonlight plays 'mid the leafy palms  
That grow in the dream-world land.

And here it is that fond dreams meet  
And dance on the sands of gold;  
While the misty shapes we chase in sleep  
Within our arms we hold.

A land where the gold-brown poppy bud  
Sways gently in the night,  
And with its opium-laden breath  
Lulls us to realms of light.

There are no sins, there are no fears,  
No sorrows or vain regret;  
'Tis a silent kingdom of happiness  
Where we wander and—forget.

Edyth W. Skerrett.

A WOMAN can say more in a sigh than a  
man can in a sermon.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

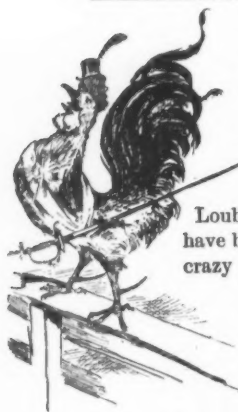
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IT is a grand sight to see France rising up out of the Dreyfus mire, and taking her place again as a nation with a conscience. Dreyfus is again on French soil. President Loubet is enough of a man to have been mobbed by the more crazy of the Anti-Dreyfusites; the new Cabinet is strong both in the individuals who compose it and in the elements which they represent.

Dreyfus is to have a new trial, and there is every prospect that it will be a just and open one, and that all the consequences of it will be boldly faced. These are days, then, of high hope for France, and of encouragement to her friends. What has come to pass has been brought about by a group of men whose courage and obstinate devotion to their country's good name would be the glory of any nation. The finest figure among them all is Colonel Picquart. He was devoted to the army, in which he was a popular and rising officer. He disliked Dreyfus, who, indeed, seems not to have made himself acceptable to his associates. He had everything to gain by obeying orders and holding his tongue. Yet once he was convinced of Dreyfus's innocence, he did not hesitate to proclaim that belief. For truth's sake and for the honor of France he put to hazard most of what he held dear—his career as a soldier, his reputation, his very life. He was deprived of his rank and spent a

year in prison while the fight went on; but now all that he suffered for is coming about. He is out of jail; he will get his job back presently, and already France is proud of him, and begins to be proud of herself because he is a Frenchman.

Bully for Picquart! He would be a good man anywhere. Bully also for France, when her white men get on top and her rascals squirm!



THE cause of education has been promoted by the action of the regents of the University of California in inviting Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell to be president of their university, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. The university is a State institution, though its resources have been greatly amplified by the gifts of private benefactors. The regents, therefore, had in some measure the fear of the taxpayers before them when they negotiated with Dr. Wheeler. But their institution is one of great promise and importance; they wanted for the head of it the best man they could get, and they showed excellent business sense in offering such a salary as a successful professional man might very reasonably aspire to. It is not a large salary, as salaries go in these days. Think of the number of lawyers, doctors and editors in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago who receive far more! It is only a large salary for a college president. Few persons go into the business of teaching in this country merely to make money. Very likely the salary of the average teacher is quite as large as it should be. But the head men in the business are underpaid. It is a profession of very great importance, and the prizes in it ought to be great enough to attract men who would be prize-winners in any profession.



THE presidents of the great universities should receive larger salaries than they do now. So should another group of important men—the upper servants of the government. Uncle Sam

has a raft of employees who are paid fully as much, or more than they are worth. For mere labor, whether it is the labor of clerks or of scrub women, he pays so much more than the market rate, that swarms of applicants scramble for the minor jobs under the government. But for unusual talent and demonstrated ability he pays so little, compared with market rates in the outside world, that first-rate men who work for him do so, as a rule, at a sacrifice of their pecuniary interests.



THE case of General Wood is an illustration. He and General Wilson are the two American administrators in Cuba who have shown themselves to be particularly well adapted to their work. But it was lately reported that General Wood, having made a reputation by his work at Santiago, had been invited to become president of a traction company, at a salary five or six times larger than his present pay. After due consideration General Wood declined the offer, and he has been quoted as saying that there were other things in the world besides money, and that he expected to stay in the army as long as he was wanted there. At all events, he went back to Santiago. The spirit with which he regards the public service is the right spirit. Still, when it comes to appointing governor-generals and administrative officers in the new lands for which we have become responsible, Uncle Sam will need all the Woods that are obtainable, and there is no good reason why he should not pay them salaries comparable with what they might earn in private life.

Often of late it has happened that men who were needed for important civil appointments could not be had because the salaries of the places they were needed to fill were not large enough. That should not be so. Efficient men are worth their price in the public service just as much as in private service, and though public spirit may often prompt able men to accept public employment without regard to pay, there is an increasing number of cases in which sacrifices of that sort should not be exacted, and in which the laborer should receive the hire that is justly his due.



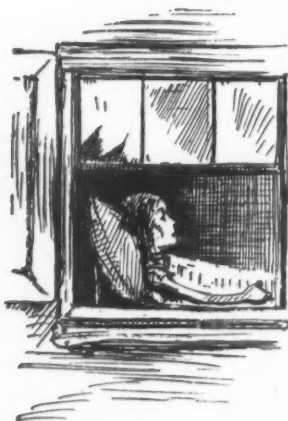




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"I SEE THE GOVERNOR COMMENDS WAR AS A MEANS OF KEEPING ALIVE 'THE GREAT FIGHTING VIRTUES,' AND, OF COURSE, WAR *is* A GOOD THING WHILE IT LASTS. BUT, AFTER ALL, CHARLES, DO YOU FEEL THAT WAR IS TRULY PROFITABLE? AS FOR ME, UNATHLETIC AS I AM, AND NEAR-SIGHTED, I COULD HARDLY DO EXCELLENT WORK IN WAR. I MIGHT BRAIN A CHILD OR TWO, AND MAYBE SHOOT SOME WOMEN, BUT I OWN I DON'T FIND THE IDEA WHOLLY ENGAGING, AND IN THE SPRING MONTHS I CAN HARDEN MY HEART MORE AGREEABLY BY RIDING A BICYCLE IN THE AFTERNOON DOWN FIFTH AVENUE. IT'S A GOOD HAZARD ALL THE WAY, AND THERE'S THIS ADVANTAGE ABOUT IT, THAT YOU DON'T CATCH FEVERS, AND, IF YOU'RE NOT KILLED, YOU HAVE YOUR HEALTH."

## Our Fresh-Air Fund.



LIFE wishes his readers could see with their own eyes the transformation that two weeks at Branchville brings to a city child. Lives are saved by this fortnight of country air and nourishing food. Branchville is real country, several hundred feet above the sea, among the hills of Connecticut, about a dozen miles from the Sound.

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## The Revised Version.

STRENUOUSLY the President opposed the hordes of spoilsmen that demanded him to let down the bars of Civil Service Reform, so that the flocks of the deserving loyalists could feast and gambol in nine thousand pastures which were being enjoyed by the enemy.

With eloquence he reasoned with his tormentors, and, with tears in his voice, he implored them to "remember the St. Louis platform."

He pleaded for consistency, and quoted from one of his most noted speeches the famous words: "On the question of Civil Service Reform the Republican party must never go backward!"

But at this point he was silenced by a prominent, authoritative Senator, who said, bluntly: "William, if we don't go backward those Civil Service Reform Commission fellows will be encouraged to go ahead, and before 1900 the merit list may be so extended that it will embrace even your office!"

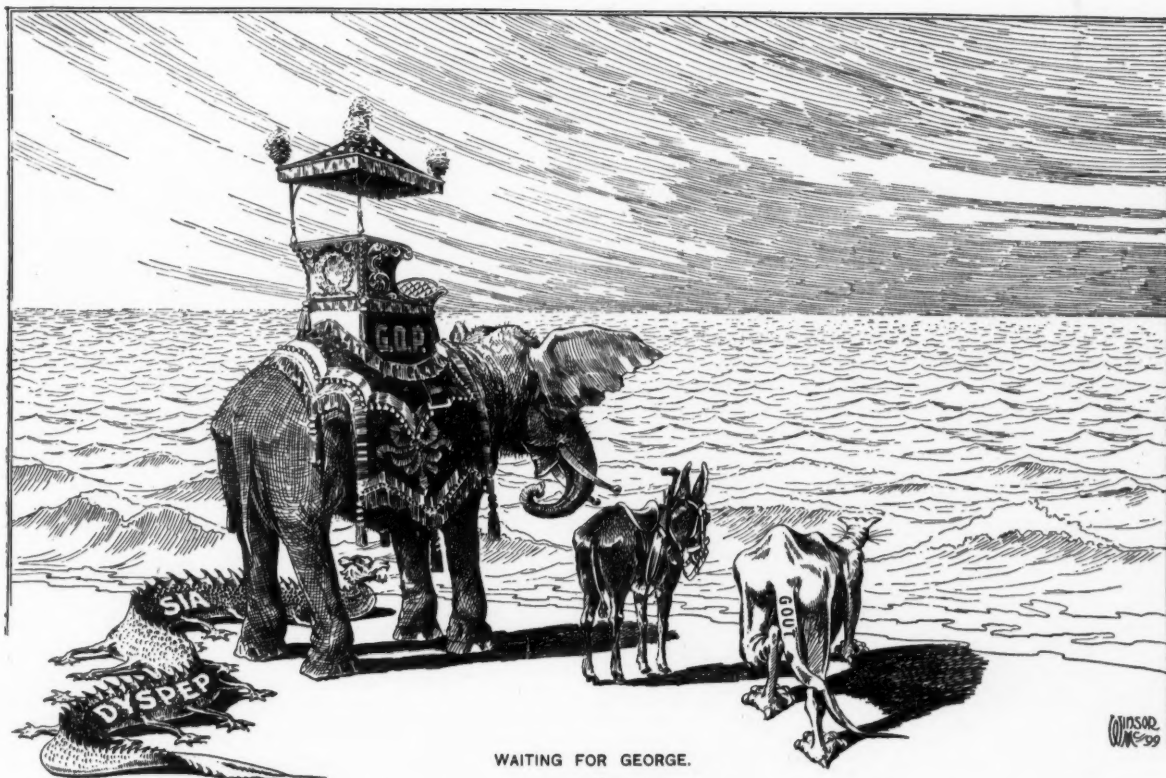
Thus—and not, as his enemies proclaim, because he was so weak as to yield to the importunities of the spoilsmen—was the President forced to relinquish the ideal of steadfastness to which he had so resolutely been clinging.

He yielded, but he was influenced by the great law of self-preservation. And shame be to those who are so harsh as to condemn him because he declined to aid by his inaction the subtle force whose tendency was to make the presidential chair, as a future harbor of refuge for himself, a positive uncertainty.

IN the case of Chief Justice Chambers of Samoa, the International Commission has brought in a verdict of "not guilty, but don't do it again." The Chief Justice's return ticket to America should have been attached to the decision.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.





WAITING FOR GEORGE.

### Stoopville on Manhattan.

WHEN June's hot days remind you that the summer's come to stay, And your moneyed aristocracy makes haste to get away, To swelter at the seaside in rich gowns of stuffy satin, Then I rusticate at Stoopville in the Borough of Manhattan.

'Tis there I wend my weary way, when in the Western sky A blood-red ball of flame foretells a fiery-hot July; And, supper over, out I go, without a vest or hat on, To gather all the breeze that blows towards Stoopville on Manhattan.

I watch the crouching cyclist as he flashes down the street, I hear the children chatter as they play before my feet, And on those steps I dream and rest, a true aristocrat, in My summer home at Stoopville in the Borough of Manhattan.

"Monotony?" You're homesick in your pigeon-coop hotel.

"The heat?" Some breeze will always moderate the warmest spell;

And if the least bit out of sorts, as Horace did in Latin, We teach ourselves contentment up at Stoopville on Manhattan.

When weary of the seaside and the burning, seething sands, When weary of the mountain and the flowery meadow lands, If it's just a change you're looking for, I'll guarantee you that in My country seat at Stoopville in the Borough of Manhattan.

M. H. C.



"THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN."

LIFE hastens to allay the fears of such of its readers as may have been terrified with the belief that, because Mr. Alger of Michigan is a candidate for a Senatorship, he was about to resign from Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. Such is distinctly not the case. Mr. Alger and Governor Pingree are simply carrying on an educational movement which will teach the people of Michigan that Mr. Alger doesn't even know what a trust is, and that every dollar he has gained by the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow. He has never even seen an octopus, and he proposes to hang on to his present job until he gets a better one. Mr. Alger has not resigned from Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, and is not going to resign.

A MAN'S conscience is short and rigid; a woman's, long and elastic.



## BOOK REVIEW

### Cromwell's Rough Riders.

MR. ARTHUR PATERSON, the author of several English historical novels, has an intelligent conception of the sort of work that ought to go into that kind of fiction. His latest story, "Cromwell's Own" (Harper), is a patient elaboration of that conception. It is as conscientiously made as a history; that is why it is occasionally dull reading. It has plot enough, and it is ingeniously developed; but there is a placidity about it that fails to strike fire. The only excuse for the historical novel is that it should give a vividness to the times and the men, of which a dignified, historical method often falls short. A writer must love or hate his hero if he hopes to inspire in the reader that kind of emotion which gives reality to his creation. This is denied the impartial historian.

THE troop of cavalry known as Cromwell's Own were the Rough Riders of the seventeenth century. "They know



"I CAN'T CONSIDER YOUR PROPOSAL NOW. ASK ME SOME OTHER TIME."

Suitor (who has nerved himself for the ordeal): BETTER CLOSH BARGAIN WHILE YOU—HIC—GOT CHANCE, OL' GIRL. WON'T LIKELY HAVE MONEY 'NUFF TO—HIC—LOAD UP AGAIN FOR—HIC—'CASON.

their business fairly, and, though wild rogues, have courage, and a great wish to fight;" which is a very fair description of the men who have just been having a reunion at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

This is not essentially a "fighting story," though the battle of Marston Moor and several scrimmages are stirring pictures. It is the love story of Cromwell's right-hand man, *Ralph Dangerfield*, who is a beautiful fighter, but has the misfortune to be a Socinian, not believing in the divinity of Christ. The Roundheads are therefore suspicious of him, though they are glad to have his help in fighting the Papists.

Cromwell himself esteems the youth for his daring, but refuses to let him marry his ward. This is the lion in the path which sepa-



"POP'S GOT TERRIBLE FOOLISH SINCE HE HAS SEEN THEM GOLF PLAYERS."

rates the true lovers. A creed was a very serious barrier in those days, but at the last the great Cromwell found a way to get around it. He always did find a way to what he really wanted. He called it "following his conscience," which is a pretty euphemism for bulldog perseverance.

THE fellows who get the worst of it in the story are the Presbyterians. They are made out to be a poor-spirited, sneaking lot. All the dirty work is assigned to them in the plot.

Cromwell himself is well drawn—strong, with deep feeling, and abounding in common sense. The whole Cromwell household is an interesting picture, and the story, with a little more swing to it, would be a successful attempt in a difficult field.

THE poems which Edwin Markham has gathered in the volume "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems" (Doubleday & McClure) represent a high grade of poetic achievement. As *LIFE* recently pointed out, Mr. Markham's work has been published in the best magazines for ten years. The notoriety which the title poem brought to him sprang from its socialistic sentiments. That is not a success in poetry; but the volume contains other poems which are the real thing, such as "The Lyric of the Dawn." It is full of melody, an exalted appreciation of the moods of nature, and an expression of them that makes you see the vision—and, over all, the love of life which is at the root of the best poetry.

That is worth far more than groaning over the "man with the hoe," who is in most cases far nearer the joy of living than the man with the gold, who, Mr. Markham believes, is his oppressor.

*Droch.*

### A Sudden Change.

"It is wonderful," said the newly-arrived guest at the mountain resort, "how time makes such havoc."

"Of what were you thinking, sir?" pleasantly inquired the proprietor.

"I was thinking," said the guest, "what a magnificent building this was in the circular I saw before leaving the city six hours ago, and how it has changed since then."



FRED IS A GREAT FLIRT AND NEVER MISSES A PRETTY FACE



IF HE CAN HELP IT.



THERE WERE NO CADDIES TO BE HAD THAT DAY, SO MISS BUNKER—WHO KNOWS THE COURSE, BUT DOESN'T PLAY—OFFERED TO GO AROUND THE LINKS WITH MR. PUTTER, WHO IS AN ENTHUSIAST. THEY BOTH SAID HE PUT UP A FINE GAME, AND CAME OUT 'WAY AHEAD OF ANY PREVIOUS SCORES.

### The Scorcher.

HE scorched along the boulevard;  
He scorched across the hill;  
He scorched into a cable car;  
We think he's scorching still.

### Aweighting a Reply.

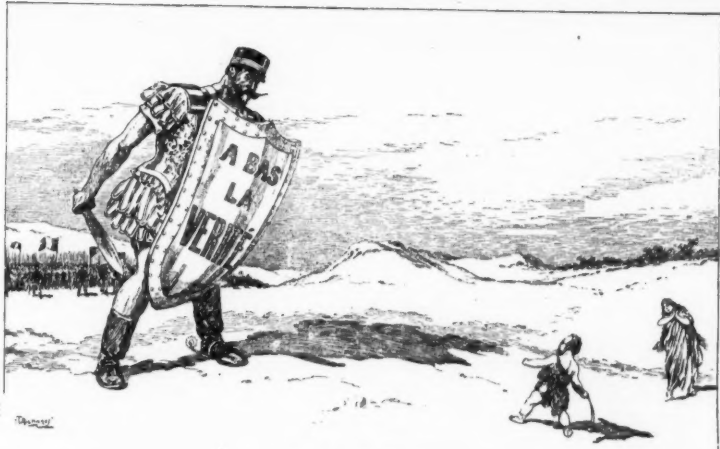
TWO questions are, who pays the freight  
When Mac makes trips in royal steight,  
A thing he's done quite oft of leight,  
And are these junkets on the streight?



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BRAVO!





From LIFE, February 24, 1898.

ZOLA AND GOLIATH.



ET. RICHARDS



"HOLY ALLAH!" sighed the Cadi, as he let himself down very gently on the carpet of justice, "may the Prophet never pardon the man who invented katzenjammers. Call the first case, Mustapha."

Mustapha dragged to the edge of the carpet a repulsive-looking man, in whose face were equally blended brutality and cunning, and whose head ran up to a point.

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the Cadi, with a tone of disgust. "You are already fined ten piasters for living. What else hath he done, Mustapha?"

"He hath beaten one of his wives, oh, fountain of justice!"

"Mashallah! Let justice be diluted with mercy, even as the forbidden spirits of the Giaours should always be diluted with plain soda. Perhaps the woman talked to him about the housekeeping when he had a katzenjammer."

"It may be even so, your sublime



A KNEESY JOB.



*The Fat Lady on the Hill:* MISTER WIMPLE DECLINES TO FINISH DE GAME WIF YOU. DAT LAST DRIVE OB YOURS HAB KNOCKED OUT ALL HIS FRONT TEEF, AND HE FEARS HE HAB SWALLOWED DE BALL.

highness," continued Mustapha; "but the kafir hath also peeked through his neighbors' keyholes and levied black-mail upon them; he hath kidnapped a baby and held it for ransom; he hath been a vender of green goods and gold bricks; instead of bathing in the clear waters of the Bosphorus, he hath made a practice of wallowing in the mud of the back alleys."

"By the sacred nail-brush of the holy Prophet!" exclaimed the Cadi; "the slave shall surely die—"

"Mercy! mercy! oh, source of all

wisdom! Do not condemn me until I shall have told you my tale."

"Go ahead, then," said the Cadi; "only bite it off short."

"Khoda shefa midêhed—God gives relief!" said the man. "Know, oh, greatest of Cadis, that I was born of good parents and carefully brought up. I was given a fairly good education, which, alas! included being taught to read. I was a good citizen and went regularly to the mosque. I never swore off my taxes, nor voted contrary to my convictions. I was true to my four wives—"

"Holy Allah!" exclaimed the Cadi, "but yours is a dry story. The court will adjourn for five minutes."

The Cadi retired behind the curtain, whence shortly there came the sound of a slight explosion and an odor closely resembling that of three-star brandy.

"Continue, slave," said the Cadi, as he resumed his seat on the carpet of justice, "only cut out those home-made certificates of your former good character."

"Allah Karim! God is most merciful, and I was but telling your sublime highness what sort of man I was before I began to read the *Yellow Journal*, which was by accident. But know, oh, protector of the poor and ignorant, that once I began I was like the victim of hasheesh, and I cared for nothing else but to read lies, and stories of crime, and scandals, and libels on decent people, and all the latest news from the sewers."

"Mustapha," said the Cadi, as the man finished, "if what the kafir says be true, and he is really a reader of the *Yellow Journal*, let him off with a hundred strokes of the bastinado. Then go with the janizzaries to the place where the *Yellow Journal* is written, and seize the slaves who write it. Scrub them thoroughly with sand, soft soap and hot water, and cover their habitation with carbolic acid and chloride of lime, lest the infection spread further. Should they resist, tie them down afterwards and tattoo pictures from their own sheet all over their bodies."

"Your highness shall be obeyed," said Mustapha, and he led the prisoner from the room.

The Cadi retired behind the curtain, and, as the same pleasant odor as before again pervaded the atmosphere, his voice was heard to say: "Here's to the finest Cadi that ever came down the Constantinople turnpike—and that's no lie, either."

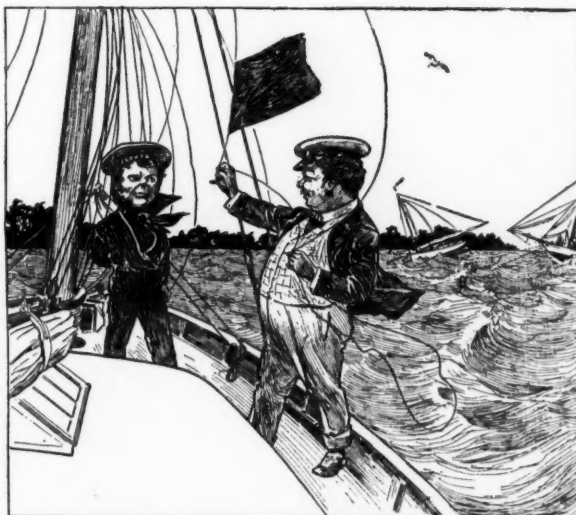
#### Close Quarters.

"WHAT a pity," said the first germ, as he clung frantically to a window sash as they went around a curve, "that in sleeping-cars we have no opportunities."

"Isn't it," said his companion, despondently, "a great field, if only we had air enough to get about in."



"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY"



"THIS BLUE FLAG IS THE ABSENCE SIGNAL. THE INSTANT I STEP ABOARD IT MUST BE HAULED DOWN, AND IT MUST BE RAISED THE INSTANT I LEAVE THE—"



"HELP! HELP!!"

"YIS, SOB. SOON AS I GET THE FLAG UP, SOB!"

COLONEL WILLIE J. BRYAN, who spouts more continuously and in greater volume than any geyser yet classified by the naturalists, believes that he can be elected President without getting a single vote north of the Potomac or east of the Alleghanies. The Colonel may be right, if he takes into account only the Embalmed Beef wing of the Republican party, but he should make a fresh calculation and include such possible factors as George Dewey, Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood.



**"Aus Meinem Groszen Schmerzen."**

FROM Heine's heartfelt pain  
Rose many a tender song;  
I, too, like Heine, tune my lyre  
When anything goes wrong.

His very touchin'gest refrains  
Sing sorrows of the heart;  
I wonder whether he had pains  
In any other part.

In days gone by—perhaps to come—  
My heart's been rent and torn,  
But other organs that I own  
Their burdens, too, have borne.

I cannot sing the songs  
That many a heart have wrung,  
And so I try the humbler ones  
That Heine left unsung.

I've written lays of frigid feet,  
And touched on inflammation,  
And turned out odes on cutting up  
That hurt like all creation.

His way is more inspiring;  
I, too, would like it best  
If my heart would do the aching  
And let my body rest.

*Frances Seaver.*

**A Postal Card Tragedy.**

EAGLESEYRIE, July 9, 1899.

DEAR JACK—Here I am, installed for the summer. It seems to be a very pleasant place—plenty of walks, drives, boating, fishing, etc., and the people are very nice. There is one girl, a Miss Summerson, who is simply stunning. Better knock off for a couple of weeks and run up here for a little vacation. Yours, JIM.

EAGLESEYRIE, July 16, 1899.

DEAR JACK—This is certainly a great place. I like it more every day. Miss Summerson is the most delightful girl I ever met, but, confound the other chaps, I



"ANGELINA, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO SIT ON LIFE'S SANDS WITH ME UNTIL THE FINAL STORM?"  
"IT WOULD—ER—DEPEND UPON THE AMOUNT OF 'SAND.'"

can't see as much of her as I'd like; only a walk, or a dance, or a drive, or something like that, a day. Do quit grubbing and come up here for a while. I want to know what you think of her. Yours, JIM.

EAGLESEYRIE, July 23, 1899.

DEAR JACK—This is the bulkiest place ever was. I've got the inside track of all those other poor chaps, and Mabel and I ride, and walk, and sail, and dance, and do everything together. You must get up here, if only for a day. I want you to meet Mabel. Mabel! Mabel! Mabel! By George! I do like to call Miss Summerson that, though I've no right to—just yet.

Yours,

JIM.

EAGLESEYRIE, July 30, 1899.

DEAR JACK—You needn't come. I leave on the first train to enlist in the first regiment that goes to the Philippines. Good-by.

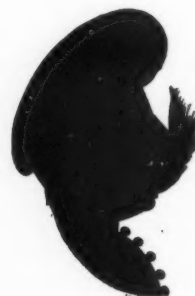
JIM.

**His Experience.**

"THOUGHT I seen the devil last night," remarked Alkali Ike, as he drained the glass of the last of his little old forty drops of soothing syrup.

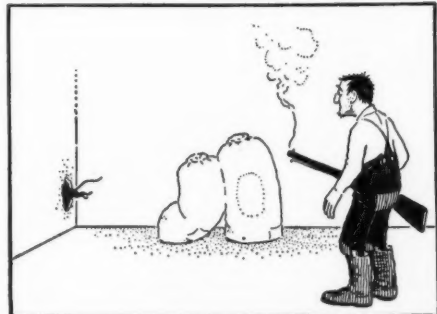
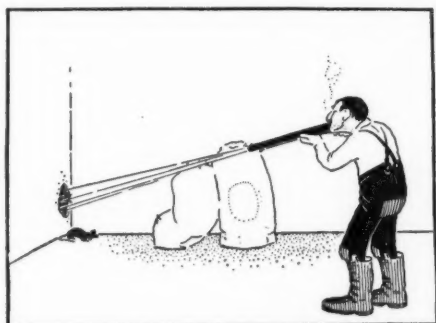
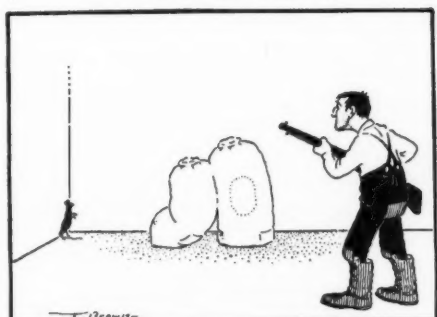
"Had 'em ag'in?" queried Appetite Bill.

"Nope, not exactly. Tell you how it happened. Along in the middle of the night, while I was in bed in my room in the Buzzard Roost Hotel, first thing I knowed, I thought I shore saw the devil glarin' at me over the footboard. Hard a lookin' old cuss as I ever had the pleasure of meetin' up with—horns, fangs, tail, blue smoke, and all. You better reckon, about that time, when he says, in a gratin', bloodshot voice, that he'd come after me, I could feel my hair rise up and begin to crawl around my head like it was a great gang of ants, and hear



WHO ARE THEY?

AN EFFECTIVE SHOT.



my teeth rattle like a bag of dry leaves. As he continued to glare I sets up in bed, and begins to slowly injun my guns out from under the pillars.

"'I have come after you!' says he, ag'in.

"'Aw, I don't know so much about that!' says I, grippin' the guns firmly. 'Yere is the way I've got this thing figgered out, old boy. If you are the devil, as you let on to be, then I'm in a devil of a fix, but if you are some waggish cuss that is tryin' to play the devil, you are in a devil of a fix yourself!'

"With that, I turns the guns loose and pours a couple of slugs plumb through him right at the wishbone, and woke up to find that I'd played the devil, by havin' the nightmare and shootin' through the partition into the next room and ham-stringin' a tourist from the East by puttin' a bullet through one of his legs."

Tom P. Morgan.



PEGASUS, FEELING HIS JOINTS GROWING STIFF FOR WANT OF EXERCISE, FLUTTERED GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH. THERE HE ESPIED A LONG-HAIRED INDIVIDUAL THRUMMING ON A LYRE.

"SURELY," SAID HE, "THIS MUST BE A POET! PRAY, SIR, MOUNT MY BACK AND FLY WITH ME TO MOUNT OLYMPUS'S LOFTY HEIGHTS!"

BUT THE POET SMILED AND ANSWERED: "NAY, MY FRIEND, YOU'RE VERY KIND, BUT OUT OF DATE. THIS IS THE 'HORSELESS AGE;' AN AUTOMOBILE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."



A CERTAIN person in this country sent a friend of his in England an American edition of Ruskin's works. They were seized by the customs, of course, and were in peril of confiscation, when the consignee learned that if he could procure a letter from Mr. Ruskin allowing the books to pass into England, the customs would release them. Accordingly, a letter of request was sent to Mr. Ruskin, who replied promptly and with characteristic verve as follows:

"Sir, I do not see that your friend's desire to give you a present at my expense is any apology for your intrusion upon me. Yours, etc., JOHN RUSKIN."

The books came back to America, but in spite of very tempting offers the recipient of Mr. Ruskin's curt reply refuses to part with the autograph.—*The Bookman*.

A BUSINESS house of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone: "Man, a' ye blin'! I've been noddin' me held aff for t' last hauf 'oor!"—*Exchange*.

THE late State Senator Sessions, of New York, was a clerical-looking man, always wearing an immaculate white cravat, but his appearance was in some respects deceptive. The will of Stephen Girard provided that no clergyman should ever be allowed to enter Girard College at Philadelphia. One day Mr. Sessions approached the entrance.

"You can't come in here," said the janitor.

The — "I can't!" said the stranger.

"Oh," said the janitor, "excuse me. Step right in." —*Argonaut*.

No ONE made any remark upon the temerity of the ladies who invited Ambrose Bierce to deliver a lecture before the members of their club. Bierce was so taken aback by the unexpectedness of the request that, to his own surprise, he found himself weakly accepting the bid, and then humbly consulting his callers concerning the topic upon which they might desire him to speak.

The president, a dignified and very conservative lady, in reply to a novel suggestion of the lecturer-elect, remarked somewhat loftily that they were not a club of *new* women.

"I am convinced of that," answered Mr. Bierce in a bland and deferential tone which almost, but not quite, concealed his cynicism. "Shall I say you are a club of *old* women?" —*News-Letter*.

THE MAID: Fine feathers don't make fine birds.

THE MAN: No, indeed! Since millinery came in birds don't get a chance to wear them.—*Exchange*.

A MAN having accepted the germ theory of disease, was accordingly much scared all the time.

"Alas, what shall I do!" he exclaimed, and in his despair took to drinking.

Thus the microbes in his midst acquired a taste for liquor, which grew upon them, until they were quite unfitted for business.

The man, in his gratitude, became unreasonable, and voted against local option at the following election.

—*Detroit Journal*.

"EXCUSE me, but it seems to me that I must have met you before. Are you not a brother or a near relative of Major Gibbs?"

"No; I am Major Gibbs himself."

"Ah, indeed! That explains the remarkable resemblance."—*Exchange*.

It is said that Professor Blackie often told this anecdote "on himself." This genial old professor used to form a very picturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets. He was a wiry old patriarch, with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders; no one who had seen him could possibly forget him. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack with his: "Shine your boots, sir!" The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he. "But if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply. Then he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is."

"I dinna want it," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it and get yer hair cut."—*Exchange*.

"Has your papa quit whipping you since he joined the church?"

"Oh, no; but he's stopped saying it hurts him worse than it does me."—*Truth*.

CHAPPIE: Averted twibble twagedy just now.

CHOLLIE: No! How?

"Man said he would pound me to mincemeat if I did not give him half a cown, and I gave him half a cown." —*Exchange*.

"LET'S see; you're a believer in the theory that Bacon was the real Shakespeare, aren't you?"

"I was; but I've got a new claimant now."

"Who is it?"

"Frohmman."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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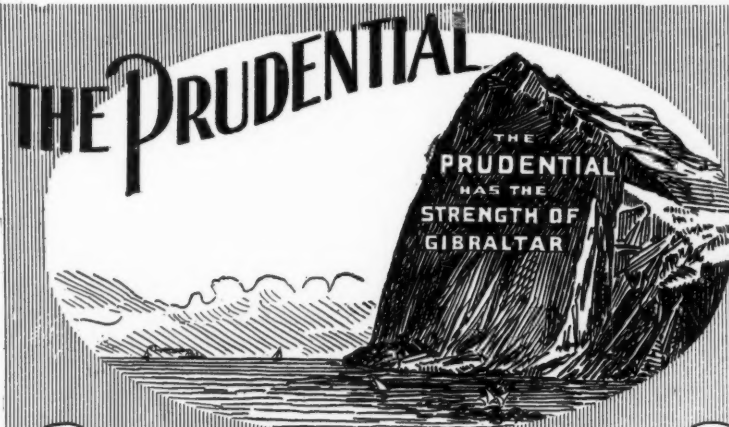
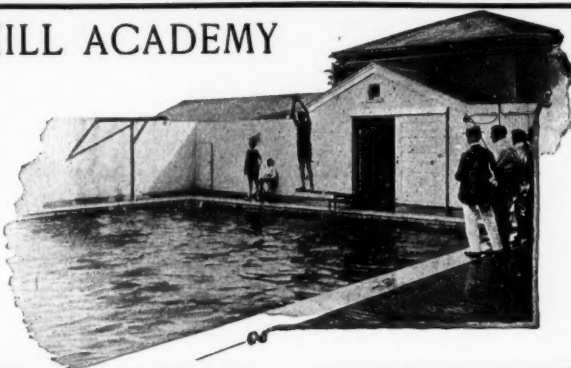


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—*Argonaut*.

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MISS LAURA (*indignantly*): No, sir. He does not attempt an imitation of a sound he is not accustomed to hear, Mr. Hankinson.

THE PARROT: Wait, George, dear, till I take this bird out of the room.—*Exchange*.

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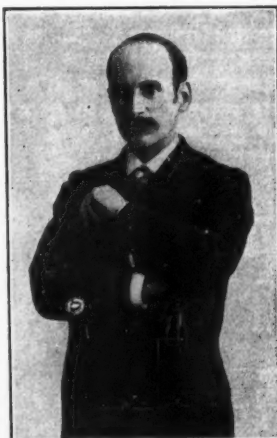
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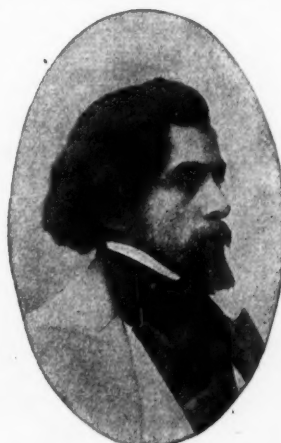
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